

Bedtime Ritual

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Genre: :), Blood, F/M, Forced Orgasm, Other, Quickie, Shower Sex, drool, dubcon, i guess you'd better agree either way huh, noncon, pennywise is just so..... giving and generous wouldn't you agree

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Summary:

All you want is a nice, hot, blood-free shower in which to utilize the shower-head; Pennywise finds this too much to ask.

Bedtime Ritual

The only thing, in your humble opinion, that could possibly top off your boiling hot shower is to turn the heat down, lean back against the tile, and take the shower-head handle from its cradle. You look dreamily down at the switch to adjust pressure and put it on your favorite setting, something firm yet *soft*. A setting that makes you buck a little as soon as you hold it between your parted thighs and direct the stream.

It won't take you long under these conditions - it's just you, the ethereal mist hanging in the air, and the warm, eternal lapping of the shower-head. It feels so nice that you close your eyes, tipping your head back to rest against the wall as you rock your hips a little. The water sputters for a moment before resuming its delicious pressure, but the temperature feels off; it's still warm, but more so, and... *thick*. A glance down makes you drop the handle; it clanks against the tile, filling the confined space with sharpness as you stare down at your feet, at the spatters on the wall and the clotting spray. It's *red*.

"Blood." You say it absentmindedly, the sound of your voice startling you. It feels stupid to talk to yourself, but it's grounding, somehow. "It's not, it's... not? What the fuck." You trail off and curse under your breath as you stare, confused and sick and a little afraid.

"*It is.*"

You turn at the voice with a scream stuck in your throat, struggling to escape against the aching lump forming at the back of your tongue. Tears prick your eyes as you see nothing behind you - there's only reddish streaks from the shower, the coppery smell of the tainted water (*the blood. IT was right*).

You shake your head and turn to be faced with filthy, soaked pompoms. They're part of an outfit - you register a cloth belt, ruffles, skirting that tents out in a way that makes your blood run hot with alarm.

A man - a *thing* - towers above you. It surpasses the height of the curtain rod, nearly brushing the ceiling as he grins humorlessly down

at you with a mouth full of razor-teeth, lips and nose painted to match the horror scene shooting from your fucking pipes. He yanks you by the hair and pushes you back against the tile, pressing his body against you. He's solid, *enormous*. Terrifying. You tremble in his grip and utter a surprised shriek when he juts his hips against you. The hard, *squirmy* thing in his pants presses against your belly, as if trying to find a home in the gentle hollow beneath your ribs. The giant clown giggles and grinds against you til the air is pushed out of your lungs and the only thing you can deliriously think is that it's going to kill you, that he's about to rip through your guts and maybe scalp you, considering the firm hold he still has in your hair.

He coos gibberish that slowly evolves into words, tone lilting like music you might hear in a cemetery, some desolate, unnerving cadence that makes you think of cobwebbed gramophones, of abandoned homes and empty tunnels in the dark.

"I know what you were doing," he teases. He releases your hair and hooks his big hands under your armpits, lifting you until you're eye-level with him and can't touch the ground. His fingers dig into your ribs despite the fact that he seems to lift your weight without any trouble, hefting you with the ease of someone who's done this many times before. He lifts his eyebrows and cackles, drool coating his teeth and dripping generously down his chin. He licks his lips and moans as he leans in to sniff at your throat. "My, *my!* I came at the right time - but *you* didn't, did you? Do you... still need to cum? Hm?"

He pouts his lip and mimics your sniffing, the way your chest hitches and flutters with swallowed sobs.

"Poor, poor little thing, poor... little... *wet... cunt*. Pennywise can fix that for you." He bites his lip and his frame shakes as he releases a breathy, gravelly little laugh. "Whattaya say, kiddo? You want scary ol' Penny to *make you float*? You want to cum like the filthy, fleshy, needy little animal you are?"

You shake your head in the negative, though you feel a powerful wave of heat rush down between your legs to your forgotten clit, throbbing there to betray you. Still you decline, unable to make your lips form words. Unable to do much but pray to things you don't believe in that you live through this night. Pennywise growls and it

ripples up from somewhere deep in his body, insectile, feral and eager. His eyes are bright enough that you see golden after-images behind your closed eyelids, slit down the centers with feline pupils that threaten to drag you inside.

"That's the sensible answer. Sensible shoes," he giggles. His eyes relax askew for a moment, smile loosening as the sound of torn cloth comes between your bodies. Wet, thick tendrils snake along your belly, up over your breasts... between your legs. His eyes snap back to focus and seem to burn brighter, hotter, fire roiling and snapping in them like they're alive all by themselves. "It's also the *wrong* answer, toots."

At first you think he's dropping you; that notion dies almost immediately as he catches you mid-slip and impales you down on what can only be his cock. It's slimy, hot, and above all, *way too big*. He lifts and drops you impatiently like a ragdoll as he works to fit himself inside, stretching you agonizingly wide as it writhes inside of you, twisting to test the elasticity of its new vessel. He throws his head back theatrically and lets his jaw go slack, rows upon impossible rows of tiny, jagged teeth glistening with his saliva. It drools down his thick lip and flicks off in little strings and spatters on your skin as he settles into a spine-crushing rhythm, barely giving you time to breathe, much less scream. Every nerve burns with pain so fine you wonder if it won't embed into your body, into the flashing synapses of your brain that flicker like something in his throat. Some shimmering, yellow light that matches his eyes, but *more powerful*, irresistible -

He snaps back to attention and licks the edge of his prominent teeth. He winks and leans in slowly, as if conspiring or sharing a secret with you. Not once does he stop pounding his hips up to fuck your aching cunt open.

"You need to cum. I know you need stimulation," he purrs. You whimper and shake your head again, pleading, *begging him* the best you can as he clucks his tongue and shushes you. "Oh, *shh, sshhh*, suck it up now, that's right. We're gunna do what Pennywise wants to do. And *Pennywise* wants you to finish what you started; naughty little thing. Enticing me with your scent. Don't worry. I know what you *need*."

His laughter bounces off the walls, fills the bathroom and the air and your skull. He rolls his hips up *hard* and bottoms out - he nudges up at the tender curve of your cervix and adjusts his length so that your clit presses painfully against his skin. From there, he grinds your bodies together, guiding your movements and securing his sharp fingernails deep into the flesh of your waist.

Pennywise's peals of laughter melt down into frenzied breaths, rough little grunts as his cock continues to squirm and pulsate. It feels like a fat worm. It fills you to bursting, keeping any semblance of pleasure for himself. Despite the way it burns and finds new ways to punish your cunt, even as he forces you to receive his cruel version of clit stimulation, you're shocked to feel the first tight stirrings of climax. Pennywise moans and snaps his hips again. The drag of his disgusting cock brushes against soft, sensitive spots that force you to contract, pleasure bursting out of nothingness and birthing a whole new sensation as you cum.

He ripples inside of you in response to your spasming muscles, gripping him, trying to keep his slippery cock inside. He allows it to happen as your climax eases off into a soft shower of sparks, glowing little aftershocks edged in pain - he chooses this moment to push all the way back inside and throb his own cum into you. It spills down your inner thighs, thick and sticky and black as pitch, as he unceremoniously lifts you up and sets you back down.

Pennywise catches his breath and giggles, leaning down to grab your throat. He drags his tongue over the curve of your chin and up your face, over your cheekbone and closed eyelid, until he reaches your hairline. He snaps his fingers in your face and, with a final parting chuckle, blinks out of existence before you can open your eyes.

The tub is clean. The shower-head hangs neglected, spraying cooling water around your clean legs. The only proof of your encounter lies in the profound ache between your legs, your raw clit and bruised ribs. There's proof in the taste of him on your lips, his fucking saliva - acrid and sweet all at once. You turn off the shower and slowly get your shaky legs out of the tub and grab a towel.

It's time for fucking bed.